ISSUE 10 NOVEMBER 1990

WRESTLING THEN & NOW

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In 1974 Brooklyn, Bruce Lee got more heat than Bruno Sammartino, Muhammed Ali and Joe Frazier combined.

Our hero had died the previous year and for months we waited for Return of the Dragon to be released. When it finally premiered at the Astor Theatre on Flatbush Avenue the theater was so packed that teens stood in the aisle to cheer Lee on against the then villainous Chuck Norris. The audience was literally in a frenzy during the climactic battle. For each and every one of us in that theatre, Bruce could never **truly** be dead.

About a decade later, my friend carried a portable VCR up to my apartment, hooked it up to my own and said the magic words, "Let's go to the video store." I was like a kid in a candy shop, knowing that anything we rented, we'd copy and own. The first thing I grabbed was Return of the Dragon.

"Look mom," I said as we dubbed it.

"I'm not interested," she said.

"C'mon..."

I guess she saw it meant something to me and sat down to watch. I glanced away from the screen for a second and saw how engrossed she was.

"Beautiful," she said with all sincerity."It's almost like ballet."

Years later those words still linger. That something so violent and brutal could at the same time be "beautiful" seemed incongruous yet somehow appropriate...

As my video collection grew I'd sometimes show her other items I thought would be of mutual interest. Although she hadn't cared about wrestling since she was a kid, I felt compelled to share it with her.

"Watch Ric Flair...he's the best."

She reluctantly sat down, yet moments later she used the very same words to describe the champ's maneuvers.

"Beautiful..."

Every so often someone will look at me like I'm insane when I tell them I love wrestling. In the vast majority of cases and in terms of the quality of much of today's matches, they're probably **right.**

But when you watch the true masters, the Ricky Steamboats, and Terry Funks, and Ric Flairs that still **grace** the rings of today, my mother's words often echo true...

"Beautiful..."

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Issue 8 was great reading! The supplement is a good idea. I enjoyed the whole issue and read Vic Stanley's article 3 times, it was so good. This issue was the best, but of course it's only the 4th of my subscription.

Thanks for sharing the memories of your Dad and friend's dad. Your Aunt and Mom were not the only ones who cried when they read it. It was a touching tribute to your Dad and friend, and you're lucky to have those happy memories of them.

I agree with "AR Ron" that if you have to give up anything you love as much as wrestling when Ms. Right comes along, then she's Ms. Wrong. I was tempted to respond to that article, too, but I thought **surely** you didn't really **believe** what you were saying! (**EDITOR'S NOTE:** It was meant as a joke! Really!)

I especially enjoy reading about the wrestling "then." I used to watch it on T.V. as a kid, with my grandfather, and though I recognize a lot of the names, I can't really remember them much except for "Gorgeous George." I've watched it on T.V. for years, but would you believe I never saw a live match until 5 years ago?? I love it! Last Friday I took my boyfriend to the WWF matches in Poughkeepsie. He had never been to the matches and doesn't even watch it on T.V. But he said he enjoyed it and would even go again. Another convert maybe? After the live matches he even **asked** to see my '90 Summer Slam tape! And he even watched the whole thing!

Well, I didn't mean to write so much- just wanted you to know how much I'm enjoying "WT&N" And, I only copied **one** 3 times for 3 people who love wrestling too, to see if they'd want to subscribe!! (you made me feel guilty! ha). You should remind readers (like me) **that a "gift" subscription to friends/relatives makes a great gift**.

See ya!

MARILYN RUNDLE
GARDINER, N.Y.

(**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Marilyn, don't you think any good rasslin' bulletin should make its subscribers burst into tears? Just kidding; I'm truly flattered. Thanks for all your kind words- they mean a great deal to me.)

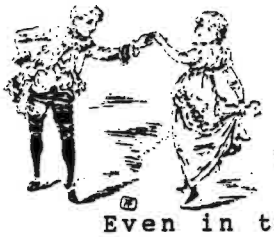
Hey Ginzburg! How many times do I have to insult you on Cassette Wrestling News before I get a plug in WT&N?

By the way, I'm a subscriber to your sheet. You better watch out or I'll submit a piece one of these days!

THE JERSEY DEVIL
"SWAMPS OF N.J."

(**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Ever since watching that 6 hour S.D. Jones tape where Special Delivery lost every single match by running into the corner and bumping his head on the turnbuckle (you know, Monsoon calls it "going to the well once too often!"), the Devil hasn't been "quite right."
You can hear our ongoing battles on Cassette Wrestling News!)

BACK ISSUE DEPT: ALL BACK ISSUES OF WT&N ARE AVAILABLE AT $1.25 PER OR $1 WHEN ORDERING MORE THAN ONE. PICK THEM UP WHILE THEY LAST!



READER PROFILE BY VIC STANLEY
THE ADVENTURES OF BIG JOHN AND LUSCIOUS LYNNDA

Even in the glory days of the AWA, when men were men and women were happy about it, the excitement and enthusiasm of the fans often upstaged the wrestlers performances in the ring. The aura of the International Amphitheater in Chicago was that of a close knit society where everybody knew or at least recognized each other from show to show. The heady aroma of rancid popcorn, stale beer and overflowing toilets somehow triggered an instinctive feeling among the fans that they were in attendance of something both real and bigger than life. It was simply the "in" thing to do. Many people today are ashamed to admit that they like wrestling because of the ridicule they are subjected to, but the fans that I am writing about here just pity those who don't appreciate real entertainment.

Two fans who have personally contributed to the AWA glory days are Big John and Luscious Lynnda. They were not so much mere fans as they were an active part of the spirit of the event. If the term "rabid" could ever be considered a compliment, it is a moniker that Big John and Luscious Lynnda proudly wear as a badge of honor to this day. Although their tastes in wrestlers were often diametrically opposed, they both shared a heartfelt, hardcore love of the sport and everything that it represented at the time. Their enthusiasm was contagious and quickly spread throughout the immediate crowd, often with the aid of their gregarious encouragement. Thanks to them, many of the meeker fans eventually garnered enough courage to adamantly express their true feelings toward those performers to affirm their own self confidence. And it was cheaper and more enjoyable than a therapy session. In a sense, John and Lynnda can take some credit for the mind set of today's youth.

Nowadays, Luscious Lynnda is particularly disappointed and disillusioned with the direction that modern professional wrestling has taken. In this new age of simpering sissy boys, steroid muscle heads, and hyperactive circus acrobats masquerading as wrestlers, Lynnda longs for the days of such greats as the Vachons, King Kong Brody, Nick Bockwinkel and Ray Stevens - real men! To Lynnda, today's wrestlers are akin to the commercial where the actor states "I am not an actual doctor, but I play one on TV". In the same sense, she feels that today's wrestlers are more actor than athlete, and pretty lousy actors at that. My conversations with her have rekindled a spark and a spirit for the sport that I had almost lost. Lynnda's main aspiration in life is to manage her own stable of wrestlers. I know that she would crack the managerial whip in a manner that would keep even the most independent minded athlete in line. She has the attitude, the savvy and the knowledge of the sport to pull it off. She does not think much of the endless parade of "brainless blonde bimbo" valets that have preceded her in the sport. A female version of "The Brain" would suit her personna more appropriately. I hope that it eventually comes to pass.

As in the Naked City, there are a million tales to be told about Big John and Luscious Lynnda. In the months to come, I will give detailed accounts of their adventures including their highly creative methods of meeting their favorite wrestlers, Lynnda's ongoing personal feud with Michael "PS" Hayes, her fearless face to face confrontation with a dozen Chicago Bears at Wrestlemania and John's run-ins with the infamous Andy Frain ushers as well as Chicago's Finest. In their heyday, John and Lynnda's exploits with the authorities rivaled those of Ken Patera, Masa Saito, and more recently, Haku and Curt Hennig. Even during moments of incarceration, these two were able to see the humor in the situation. Their story must be told.

RODLINES-- COOL 25 REDUX

Rodney Leighton-R.R. #3 Pugwash, N.S., Canada B0K 1L0

Yeah, I know, this is supposed to be a review column. Well, as John Seaton of Cassette Wrestling News would say--you gotta send me stuff, **damnit**!

Anyway, this is a nice format. Well, I like it! Couple of people didn't read the other one too close and called it a top 25. No such thing. Some of my most favorite people were not in the last one--nor this one. These are just folks I have heard of or been in contact with. Some have never heard of me but something written by some one or other has sparked my interest: Such as:

1) The inimitable Ferk. Gal must have balls (wonder if Harry finds out) to go to a gathering of smarts.
2) Evan; good friend; editor of this great sheet.
3) Bruce Springsteen--listening to him as I compose this shit.
4) Sheila Holligon--lady in England who wrote a great book about sexual frustration (some of us know lots about **that**!). Available for $9.50 U.S. from Dunscaith Publishing Ltd., 28 West Lodge Ave., London, U.K., W3 93F. Fiction but meaningful. Very good.
5) Simeon Stylites. This dude publishes this thing called FEH! A Journal of Odious Poetry. $5 for 3 issues (year and a half) P.O. Box 5806, Station B, Montreal, P.Q., Can., H3B 4T1.
6) Brian Tramel. He don't back down from Lawler: I don't back down from Abby **(EDITOR'S NOTE: HEY RODNEY! SOUNDS LIKE A STORY HERE! WHAT HAPPENED?)**. We're both nuts. For a wacky read--if you're mature enough--send $3 for 4 or maybe 5 issues to BT at 1806 Self Circle, Apt. #B, Jonesboro, AR., 72401. Oh yeah--sheet is called Rasslin' Riot--and I'm in it. Yah!
7. Marianne Ryan--I wonder how she gets match reports since she seems to spend all her time backstage?
8) Speaking of which, Ron Lemieux, who puts out a great sheet at 75¢ every two weeks. Evan has a spot, and Marianne, and me!!--916 Sloewood Ct., Lake Mary, Fl., 32746
9) Mrs. Lemieux--Hell, this lady is like 13 months pregnant and still goes to matches.
10) J.D. McKay Jr.--another of my editors. Still $2 per issue; Route 2, Box 291, Louisville, MS., 39339. Ain't self promotion great?
11) Cher. Saw that video they banned last year. Don't see why. Hell, she had a G string on!! (Wolf Howl!) (Not Dave!)
12) Stephanie du Plessis. This chick has a wild sense of humor and great writing abilities. Everyone should send some dollars for all copies of her serialized novel The Snopseses Go Camping (up to #5; buck each) to: P.O. Box 4697, San Francisco, Ca. 94101.
13) David Wyder, 121 Gregory Ave., #B-7, Passaic, N.J., 07055. Puts out Daily Cow and Ash, which is mostly poetry but I might fix that.
14) Jim Testa. Another N.J. dude. Publishes music zines.
15) Jeff Mullins. Everyone gets Sushi. If not, do so. ($1 to PO Box 36189 San Jose, CA. 95158)
16) Jeff Osborne. Cassette Wrestling News is great; sound quality could be better ($3 to PO Box 765 Boonville, In. 47601).
17) Teresa De Marie...18)Greg Miller...19)Dick Freeman...20)Jeff Zinger...21)Mike O'Hara...22)Stevie Nicks...23)Alannah Myles...24)Fallon (porn actress)...25)Tina Turner
I'm outta room and outta here. Later. (oops, sorry, J.Z.)

THE STARS OF THE PAST
DETROIT AREA-CIRCA 1970'S PT. 1

Recently, I viewed some old copies of bouts from the the 1970's in the Detroit area, which brought back fond memories. Undoubtedly, modern fans used to the hype and garbage of present day shows would find The Sheik and crew dull, but to me, and many others I imagine, the memories still remain. Give me Sheik, Brazil, Luis Martinez and the others over the current clowns, any day. After viewing these tapes, I thought of analysis and of bringing back some memories of my own from this bygone era.

THE SHEIK- Probably the greatest heel of all time, although I think fans and half the idiot newsletter editors would lambast him if he worked in the WWF or NWA today with this same style, mainly due to the fact that he did so little in his bouts. A 4 hour segment of his tapes all run the same way. He bites, kicks, and uses a pencil, the opponent takes it away, both men bleed, The Sheik then does something dirty to pull a victory from the jaws of defeat. How did this get over? Keep in mind, back then no one knew the tricks of the trade, about blades or The Sheik's fire which came from flashpads. Also, the man may have been a genius, as he made a fortune without even really having to work up a sweat in any of his bouts. His feuds (in this era feuds lasted for years and were long, meaningful things, not two or three week stints as seen now) with Bull Curry, Luis Martinez, Bobo Brazil, Tony Marino, and Fred Curry were legendary. He even managed to face other villains and proving the phenomenal heat he received at the time, managed to make the likes of Bulldog Brower, Ernie Ladd, Pampero Firpo, and George Steele fan favorites.

DR. JERRY GRAHAM- His wild drinking sprees and scrapes with the law were well known in his day, although unlike now, conveniently covered up from the fans. Past his prime when with this outfit and having already blown the fortune he made in the early 60's, he was on his way down the drain. Still, he managed a torrid feud with Tony Marino, which escalated into some true bloodbaths. I have heard conflicting reports whether or not he was an actual PHD as he claimed, but he was a smart man, smarter, than his actions which led to his downfall would have you believe. He was also an expert hypnotist, for real. Not too popular in Utah though, where he once shot out the lights in a giant cross on top a church, or in Phoenix, where after the death of his mother, he caused a massive fight within the hospital.

LORD LAYTON- The man from whom Alfred Hayes and the WWF stole the English gentleman commentator act. Layton was a better announcer than he was a wrestler. Although few people know it, when he started in the 1950s, he did a short-lived stint as a heel, using the prissy Lord gimmick along with another Britisher, Leslie Carlton. Although he wrestled occasionally for the Detroit office, his main job was to commentate and be appropriately offended by the antics of The Sheik and crew. He died some time ago from a heart attack.

HANS SCHMIDT- A relic from the post WWII era who was still hanging around in the 1970's, this bullet headed villain still managed some wild bouts with Tony Marino and others. It was sad in about 1973 or so, to see him at the Akron Armory down in Ohio, as part of the Detroit based promotion, working in a 15 minute opener draw with Bill Miller. A decade earlier, it would have been a main event anywhere in the USA. During the latter part of his career, he even signed a few autographs and seemed to be mellowing.
(NEXT ISSUE: BULLDOG BROWER, DON KENT, BEN JUSTICE AND MANY OTHERS...THIS PIECE WAS SUBMITTED BY A READER WHO PREFERS TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS)

GARY FISHMAN'S COLUMN

Even though Evan takes a number of cheap shots at me in this issue, I am still determined to help him in his search for full-time employment. Therefore, I am graciously giving up this space to reprint a copy of his resume:

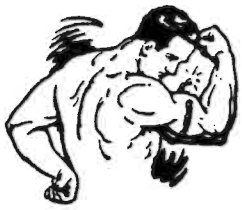
EVAN GINZBURG

EDUCATION:	Self-taught
MAY 1990- Present	Pushcart owner on Delancey Street. Winner of the Golden Thread award for selling more pairs of irregular jockey shorts than all his competition combined.
JAN. 1988- Jan. 1990	Labor Organizer in a maternity ward.
Feb. 1986- Mar. 1987	Songwriter- Wrote such classics as "The Ballad of Ray Candy."
Jan. 1984- June 1985	Wrestler- worked under the ring name of Velvet McIntyre.
April 1982- Nov. 1983	Worked as a mask-maker in parts unknown.
OTHER INTERESTS:	Collector of Madonna memorabilia, dedicated bird-watcher and amateur mule breeder.

To those of you out there reading this who may be prospective employers, there is no ditch too big for Evan to clean, no toilet too stained for him to scrub and no manure pile too big for him to cart away (extra fee if he has to use his own pushcart). How many employers after all can say that they have working for them the Bayside Chapter President of the Jim Garvin Fan Club? By the way, Evan mentioned Adam Horowitz in his column. For those of you who are anxious to read the results of the next pay per view for the 38th time be sure to get the upcoming issue of Between The Ropes ($1 to 336 Harbor Drive- Lido Beach, NY 11561). The aforementioned issue may be late as Adam is extremely busy rehearsing for his first date. Adam is the only one I know who brings binoculars to the matches when he has front row tickets so he can watch the fights in the balcony.

BLATANT PLUGOLA

Jim Romensko's Obscure Publications & Video has a nice review of WT&N in its current issue #8- $1 to PO Box 1334 Milwaukee, WI 53201...I wrote a short piece for a new sheet called Superplex Survey- write to Aaron Goff 3049 Pillsbury Ave. Minneapolis, MN 55408 for details...Pro Wrestling Monthly is a strong news/results sheet put out by Peter & Greg Rufolo- $2 to 568 Speedwell Ave. Morris Plains, N.J. 07950...Texas Roundup is written by a real live rassler! $1.25 to PO Box 750532306 Grand Prairie, Texas...I've been doing some writing for Brian Tramel's hilarious TU Rasslin Riot...Thanks to Linda Adams for all her kind words about WT&N... Sure are a lot of **good** bulletins out there, huh?...



THE NAME GAME BY TOM BURKE

I have always been intrigued with aliases. My first recollection of coming to terms with someone with an alias was my second grade teacher. It was in the early 50's that I encountered Sr. St. Cyril at Holy Name Grammar School in Springfield, Mass. She was a member of the Sisters of St. Joseph. I became enchanted with the names of the other nuns as well. It became a challenge to gain the information as to find their real names. I made a list of all the nuns that I had listing their religious names and then their real names. I made that list in the early 60's with the intention of securing the data in due time. It is now nearly thirty years since that list was made and you want to talk about being kay fabe, wrestling is nothing compared to the "closed" doors on this subject.

The uses of alias is nothing new. Many people have used them in the past and in the present. We see it in various degrees in entertainment, politics, writing, even in just lounge conversation.

There is probably no more use of aliases then in pro wrestling. The use of pseudonyms in pro wrestling is as common as hammerlocks and theme music. The name game in the business is nothing new. It dates back right to the turn of the century. According to my own research, however, it would not be uncommon to find some "working names" even used during the days of the Greek Olympics.

The best and most interesting years for the "name game" in pro wrestling was in the early to late 60's. The area of the country was New England with Boston as its base. However, the "name game" would spread to New Orleans, Houston and Chicago during that time span.

The "name game" which I refer to is that of using sound alike names of famous wrestlers to lesser known guys or young journeymen and gals in the business. This practice was a common everyday tactic used by the late wrestling czar, Jack Pfefer.

Who was Jack Pfefer? Jack was a little guy that was born in Russia of Jewish parents. He came to the US in 1920's. His background in Mother Russia was the theater. He came to NYC with high hopes like many of his fellow refugees at that time. Show biz did not welcome the Moscowvite.

Someplace along the line he started to get involved in the wrestling game with the NYC promotions of Rudy Miller (Vince of his day). Jack would handle the foreign wrestlers and with the large number of ethnic groups in the NY area there was always a new import in the wings. Maybe they weren't Polish, German or what but a switch of a name here and there and it was a payday for someone with Jack getting a cut.

As time went on and wrestling got bigger the office started to cut Jack out of the action. That did not sit well with Jack and up to his last days he was a maverick promoter.

It was in the 60's that his reputation as a "name changer" came into full form. In association with Tony Santos (protege of the late wrestling promoter in Boston, Paul Bowser) a partnership was formed which lasted till the day he died.

How did the "name game" work? It was quite easy and simple. Since Vince McMahon was the top man on the East Coast and his wrestlers appeared on TV and in the arenas they were known to one and all. But Jack would say it differently. Listed on the next page are some of the stars that Vince had and the boys that Jack used.

TOM BURKE'S GLOBAL WRESTLING NEWS SERVICE IS A MUST FOR NOSTALGIA LOVERS!!!
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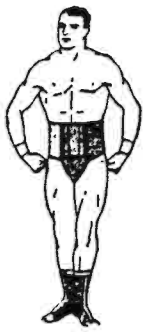
VINCE'S CREW	JACK'S CREW	AKA
Buddy Rogers	Bummy Rogers	Ripper Collins
Bruno Sammartino	Bruno SaNmartino	Pancho Rosario
Bobo Brazil	Hobo Brazil	Rufus Jones
Great Mortier	Great Mortimer	Harley Race
Haystack Calhoun	Haystack Mulldoon	Ed Touhey
Magnificent Maurice	Magnificent Maurice Chiever	Chris Colt
Dr. Jerry Graham	Professor Graham	Luke Graham (Gardy Johnson)
Freddie Blassie	Teddy Blassie	Mickey Sharpe
Prince Iaukea	Prince Kahulia	Carlos Colon



There were others as well: Lou Khesz, The Fabulous Zangaroos, Argentina Zuma, Jumping Rocco, The Bruiser (Frank Shields) of Boston, Fabulous Zoollah (gal) and a whole host of others.

Jack would have window posters with the near famous names on the bill. An example would be to have "BRUNO" in big letters and then SaNmartino in smaller type. How did this fare for house attendance? It went well until the late 60's. One has to remember that in the 60's things were a lot different. The promoters would use halls that seated maybe 1500 people and would run many towns weekly. In the summer they would run two crews all over New England and even into New Brunswick and the Maritimes. Things were good back then. I recall talking to the late Ronnie "Golden Boy" Dupree about those days and he told me that he was making $300 a week for Santos/Pfefer. Not bad back then.

If Jack were alive today and active in the business maybe we would have such a gallery of stars like: The Unlimited Warrior, Hulk Hagen, Red "Money Man" Dibiase, Nacho Man, Nature Boy Flare, Rick Crude. The names are sound-alikes just like Jack would enjoy.

How do the people in the business react to Jack? Lou Thesz told me that he was traveling back from Toronto and had to have a layover in Boston. It was a Thursday and he picked up the paper to see an ad which had Lou Khesz wrestling at the Boston Arena that nite. Lou called the arena and got a hold of Jack. After giving him a blasting he asked Jack what he would do if he came down to the arena and worked that nite. Jack said, "I pay you the same - two five ($25)."

Jack was a maverick loved by many and hated by the same number. Yet he was a man of great compassion and concern for the boys in the game. When Ed "Strangler" Lewis was on his death bed Jack was there. Lou Thesz told me that as he was walking out of the Strangler's hospital room to catch his flight there appeared Jack Pfefer. They greeted and talked. Jack had come to pay his respect to one of the all time greats in the game. They were from different ends of the wrestling world. What Lewis brought to the game in credibility Jack Pfefer gave the game a gift of a masterful promoter.

Thus ends the story of "the name game." I can not end this article by not telling you that the Sisters of St. Joseph recently celebrated their 100th anniversary in the diocese of Springfield (Ma.). Our diocesan paper ran a special feature listing all the nuns that have been associated with the diocese. The best part of the article was giving their real names. After thirty odd years my question has been answered. Sr. St. Cyril in secular society was Margaret Catherine Sullivan. My list of the "name game" for the good sisters is over, however, I must continue on to find out who was Lou Khesz.

LOOKING BACK TO CHICAGO WRESTLING - 1970 - by Ronald Dobratz

Barry Windham's father, Bob, debuted in Chicago in 1970, and was named "rookie of the year" by the A.W.A. He received stiff competition as his two win, seven loss record would indicate. Windham's victories came at the expense of Jack Pesek and Crazy Luke Graham. He lost to Baron Von Raschke twice, as well as Ernie Ladd, Pepper Gomez, Bullinski, Wilbur Snyder, and Paul Diamond.

Diamond, a good looking newcomer himself, beat veteran Johnny Kace and Dr. X. 1970 was also Jimmy Valiant's first year in Chicago. Using the name Jim Valens, Jimmy beat Ken Dillinger and lost to Moose Cholak.

1970 should be remembered by Chicago fans for the many major shows promoted by Bob Luce and the great wrestlers and matches that filled the 18 cards. The fact that 14 of the 18 shows were held on either Monday or Tuesday, rather than the usual weekend dates, explains why the talent level was consistently high.

Most Popular Wrestlers
1. Dick the Bruiser
2. Verne Gagne
3. Edouard Carpentier
4. Moose Cholak
5. Ernie Ladd
6. Pepper Gomez
7. Igor Vodik
8. Wilbur Snyder

Most Successful Villains
1. Baron Von Raschke
2. BlackJack Lanza
3. Larry Hennig
4. Dr.X
5. Big Bill Miller

Most Successful Tag Team
1. Carpentier & Crusher
2. Bruiser & Crusher
3. Vachon Brothers
4. Brazil & Ladd
5. Bastien & Lyons
6. Bastien & Gomez
7. Jack & Jim Dillinger
8. Al Costello & Don Ker

Most Memorable Matches

January 3 - Bill Watts gave Verne Gagne an "Oklahoma Stampede", but the AWA champion managed to drape his leg over the bottom rope just before the referee could say "three". Verne then managed to sidestep the frustrated and angry Watts, take him into the ropes, and executed a victory roll to retain the title.

April 7 - The top turnbuckle came loose from the ringpost, prompting the Vachons and their opponents, Edouard Carpentier and the Crusher, to struggle for its control. With all four wrestlers in the ring attempting to use the turnbuckle as a weapon, the referee had no choice but declare the bout a "no contest".

April 21 - Carpentier and Crusher were given another chance to win the AWA title from Mad Dog and Butcher Vachon. After 56 minutes of wrestling, the double-teaming tactics of the challengers had accounted for the only fall, but a savage collision between Mad Dog and Crusher sent the "wrestler who made Milwaukee famous" out of the ring where he was counted out. There was not enough time left to subdue the Vachons, but Crusher spent the last moments of the hour bout chewing on Mad Dog's bloody ear.

March 16 - Billy "Red" Lyons and BlackJack Lanza wrestled to a 20 minute draw, in what was probably the finest opening bout in the history of the International Amphitheatre.

August 14 - Bruiser & Crusher nearly won the tag team title from the Vachons in a cage match at White Sox Park, however Bruiser tossed Mad Dog off the top rope and he landed on top of Crusher, stunning him long enough for brother Paul to make the pin.

August 14 - Pepper Gomez pulled the mask of the head of Double XX, revealing Jim "Red" Osborne.

Next issue: Chi. 1980!

RECOMMENDED!!!
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READER PROFILE- A SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO GARY FISHMAN
BY EVAN GINZBURG

Gary's recently turned quite religious...every night when he says his prayers he thanks God for his health, beautiful family and the fact that he grew up in Georgia at the height of their NWA promotion!...Since he's already reminisced about his Georgia experiences in Forum, Arena Report, and 87 other sheets, he uses his space in WT&N to far better use- he makes fun of me and Between The Ropes editor Adam Horowitz...Sums up 1990 wrestling in two words- "It stinks!"...Actually he's a **tremendous** fan of Earthquake...Usually ends our 125 mile trips to NWA shows in Philadelphia by saying "We're never coming back." In fact, he says that **every month!**...Still angry about the time S.D. Jones lost a loser leaves town match in Georgia...Swears that the Ultimate Warrior **doesn't** use steroids because they're both built exactly the same and Gary's "never touched weights or drugs in his life"...Remains heartsick over Baby Doll turning out to be a "Jezebel of the streets" as Dusty said...Knows deep in his heart that if "push came to shove" he could "tear Sid Vicious in half"...Can't understand why his column in WT&N hasn't garnered the slightest Pulitzer Prize consideration...Wishes Roller Derby would come back because at least "that's real"...Is convinced that wrestling's a work--except for Terry Funk of course...Can't bear to be apart from Dan Reilly for such long periods of time...Swears he was one of the original Assassins and when people doubt him he says "Doesn't everyone look different without their mask?"...Is thrilled to be back with his wife because he "has someone to practice his suplex on"...Strongly believes that Vince McMahon is "evil incarnate" and that he'll have "something to do with the apocalypse"...Has convinced himself that a major federation will soon give Johnny Rodz a world title belt...Couldn't understand for the life of him why the Ding Dongs were such a flop...Swears that once El Gigante gets his aerial maneuvers down, "He'll be a force to be reckoned with"...

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Harcore fans will enjoy calling Dr. Kay Fabe's Wrestling line at 1-900-990-6676 (95¢ a minute). This one's fun...Sheldon Goldberg is offering a sample of his Mat Marketplace for an SASE- write to PO Box 2371, Jamaica Plain, MA. 02130...John Strickland is set to release The Grapevine at POB 12210 Charleston SC 2941- sounds like it has potential...Recently saw a Roadies/Ultimate vs. Demolition 6 man- does anyone remember when 6 man matches went 3-5 falls/45 minutes- this stuff today is **disgraceful**...Gary Fishman's back next issue with a response to my column...Hopefully by the time you read this I'll be fully employed again. Otherwise I'll be **forced** to go back to teaching children full-time and I think I'd rather **panhandle**! Right now I'm teaching adults English at night (with a Brooklyn accent no less!) and doing some freelance writing/proofreading etc. ...Don't believe all the bad press you read about N.Y. It's not as scary as you hear- but than again I'm 6'3 with a crazed look in my eye...Thanks to all my readers for their support- any reader profiles, letters, reminisces etc. are always welcome...Special thanks to Marilyn Rundle for xeroxing my promotional sheet for WT&N and distributing throughout her area- if anyone else is interested please let me know and I'll send-would be forever grateful!...Please consider WT&N subscriptions for Christmas/Chanukah presents!...Thanks to my **great** "staff" for their contributions this issue and for all your kind letters...**Maybe** we'll eventually get this thing to a bi-weekly --Bye for now!!!